clever, *bias/* Frenchmen say, " There Is no German prose," we ought really not to be angry, for this criticism is more polite than we deserve. If we look for reasons, we come at last to the strange phenomenon that the German knows only Improvised prose and has no conception of any other. He simply cannot understand the Italian, who says that prose Is as much harder than poetry as the representation of naked beauty is harder to the sculptor than that of draped beauty. Verse, images, rhythm, and rhyme need honest effort—that even the German realises, and he is not Inclined to set a very high value on extempore poetry. But the notion of working at a page of prose as at a statue sounds to him like a tale from fairyland.

96.

THE GRAND STYLE.—The grand style comes Into being when the beautiful wins a victory over the monstrous.

97-

DODGING.—We do not realise, In the case of distinguished minds, wherein lies the excellence of their expression, their turn of phrase, until we can say what word every mediocre writer would inevitably have hit upon in expressing the same Idea. All great artists, In steering their car, show themselves prone to dodge and leave the track, but never to fall over.

98.

SOMETHING LIKE BREAD.—Bread neutralises and takes out the taste of other food, and Is there-